Rules of the Story

Miyamoto Kano's

Project Coordinator: Ashcat
Translator: Sandyroo
Proofreaders: Rasa, Ashcat, & Grayunderpants
Editor: Grayunderpants
QCers: Ashcat, Sandyroo & Grayunderpants

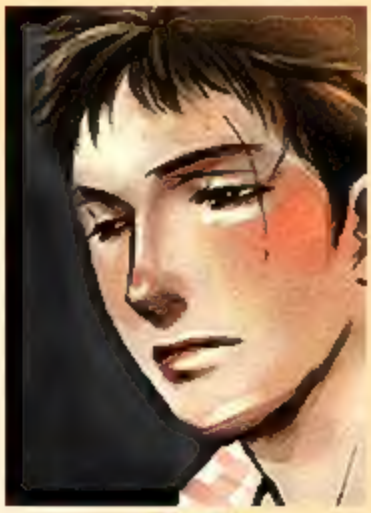
LiquidPassion
http://www.hackthemainstream.com
#liquidpassion@irc.irchighway.net

Ryuu

Miyamoto Kano's

Rules Universe

~ Timeline ~



Hitomi

Hikaru & Yuki

Please ch5, Kiss*, Kiss after*, Skies*
Ryuu, Hikaru Taira, Hitomi

Hydra ch1-8*, Blue film first*
Ryuu, Hikaru Taira, Hitomi

Hydra ch9*
Heavenly*, ch10-11*
Ryuu, Hikaru Taira, Hitomi

Real things*
Hello Again*
Hikaru Taira, Hitomi

Lovers and Souls
Tooru, Hikaru Taira, Shige

Fragile*, Vanity*
Tooru, Hikaru Taira, Shige

Atori & Tooru

Hikaru

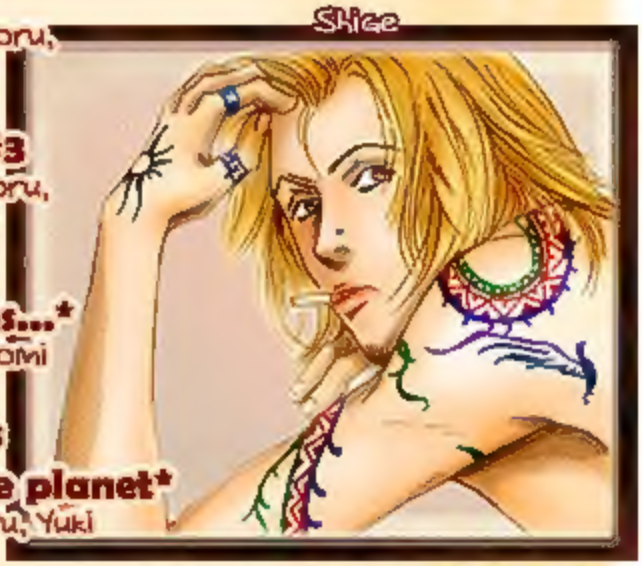
Rules #1
Hikaru Taira, Tooru, Yuki, Atori

Rules #2, #3
Hikaru, Yuki, Tooru, Atori, Shige

If winter comes...*
Hikaru, Yuki, Hitomi

Song Birds
Another day on the planet*
Tooru, Atori, Hikaru, Yuki

Shige



*=Doujinshi published with Curve circle

Accurate as of Feb. 2008

"Hey, Atori."

Atori looked up from his book at the sound of Tooru's voice. Tooru was sitting on the floor in front of the TV, watching him.

"Yeah?"

"Do you want to go to bed?"

"Don't tell me you're tired already? It's only 10 o'clock."

Tooru made a non-committal sound and got up off the floor to flop down on the couch next to Atori. "Listen..."

At the serious note in Tooru's voice, Atori shut the book he'd been reading and turned to face him. "What?"

"Well, I think it's time that I got to do it."

"Huh?"

"It's high time that I got to fuck you."

It was the last thing Atori had expected him to say, and for a moment, he could only stare at him. He wondered if it was just some weird joke, but Tooru's face remained serious.

"W-why?"

"Come on, we've been together for a year already. It's way overdue." Ignoring the look of bewilderment on Atori's face, Tooru forged on. "You've never let anyone screw you before, have you?"

"Of course not!"

"Then, let me be the one to do it, before someone else gets the chance." Tooru kept his gaze steady on Atori. "Don't you think it's best for your first time to be with someone you care about?"

Nothing but Atori's mute stare met these words.

"Hey, are you listening?"

The annoyed tone in Tooru's voice seemed to bring Atori back to himself. "Yeah, I'm listening."

"So what do you think? Can we do it today?"

"What, like right now?"

"Sure." Tooru nodded as he stood up. "Come on, let's go to the bathroom."

"Wait—hang on a second!" Atori cried as he leaped up and tried to hold Tooru back. "Do I even get a say in this?!"

Tooru looked around, a hurt look on his face. "You hate the thought of it that much?"

"It's not that, I just don't feel like I'm prepared for this...."

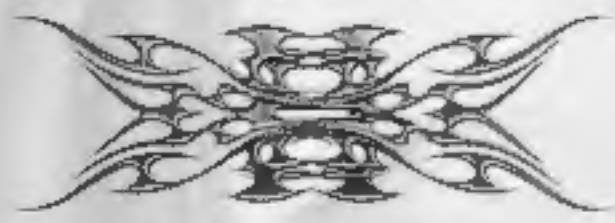
"Oh, fuck prepared! All you have to do is lie there like a dead fish and leave the rest to me."

"No, I mean I'm not prepared *mentally*!"

Tooru regarded him for a long moment. "I can't stand it, Atori," he said quietly, sadness in his voice. "The thought that some other guy could have you before I did."

"Oh, come on!"

"Look, I'll make sure it feels good for you too, so quit giving me that pathetic look," Tooru said. Then he grabbed Atori's arm and dragged him along to the bathroom, his good mood returning so suddenly that Atori suspected the sadness from just a moment ago had been a complete act. "Come on, follow me."



Scrubbing himself down under the shower, Atori heaved a great sigh. It wasn't like he was totally opposed to the idea.... He'd known that sooner or later he'd be on the receiving end, and when he was, it would be with Tooru, but now that the moment had arrived, he wasn't quite sure what to think. Maybe it was just his male pride getting in the way, the insistence of not wanting to be treated like a woman.

Giving no indication of whether or not he was aware of Atori's inner turmoil, Tooru finished washing himself and moved over to redirect the shower head's flow of water between Atori's legs with a murmured "Don't mind me."

"W-what do you think you're doing?"

"Just bear with it for a sec."

Keeping the water flowing, Tooru moved his hand between Atori's legs and probed deeper.

"T-Tooru!"

"Shh."

The feeling of Tooru's fingers circling his entrance was so unpleasant, it made Atori's skin crawl.

"I...I can't do this."

"That's what I thought my first time," Tooru murmured as he slipped the tip of one finger in. "You're really tight."

"...I'm telling you, it's way too small." Atori felt like crying, but Tooru wasn't showing any signs of stopping.

"Now that you mention it, it does tear easily. I'd better make sure you're loose enough before we start." With those words, Tooru withdrew his finger and turned off the shower. Then he coated his fingers with some lube that he'd brought with him. "Take a deep breath and try to relax."

Steeling himself, Atori squeezed his eyes shut and did as he was told. Slick with gel, Tooru's finger slid in more easily this time. "Ugh..."

"Feel gross?" Tooru asked, then frowned at Atori's fierce nod. "Hey, we're pretty similar in build and size, so I really don't think it'll be that hard on you," he said, dropping a brief glance to compare. Then, he slid a second finger in. "Oh, it went in."

Looking pleased with himself, Tooru kissed Atori as his fingers continued to move inside him.

Atori was holding up as best he could, but his anxiety redoubled when his eyes drifted down to Tooru's growing erection. "Th-that'll never fit."

"Hm?" Tooru looked down at himself. "If you can take two fingers, you'll be fine."

"Seriously, first time, here! You do realise that, right?"

"I know."

Tooru finally slid his fingers out. "We'd better get a move on, or all my hard work'll be for nothing. You want to do it here?"

"No way."

"Well, then, let's take this to the bed."

Atori's knees felt likely to give out from under him, but Tooru was already pulling him to his feet and hustling him out of the shower. Tooru gave them both a quick towelling off and then pushed Atori to send them both tumbling onto the bed. He wrapped his arms around Atori and settled himself on top of him, stroking his fingers through Atori's hair.

"You are too cute," he murmured between kisses.

"Knock it off." It was on the tip of Atori's tongue to add that Tooru was giving him the creeps, but he held back.

Tooru laughed and ran his hands along the length of Atori's body. Until now it had always been Atori who initiated this, but evidently Tooru was in charge today.

"Tooru..."

"This is really turning me on, you know," Tooru murmured as he circled Atori's nipple with his tongue.

"You'd better not go too rough on me," Atori grumbled.

"Oh, but I want to. I want to fuck you so hard that you can't walk in the morning."

Atori covered his eyes in dread, and Tooru's hand stopped. Feeling the other's gaze on him, Atori uncovered them again and met Tooru's light coloured eyes, which watched him quietly. "...What?" he demanded, feeling self-conscious.

"Just got caught up in looking at you. You really are adorable, you know."

"Why are you telling me that now...?" Atori began, averting his gaze.

"I always think so, but I'd be pushing my luck if I told you every time."

"So you only like me for my face, or what?"

"Of course not. A good-looking body is much more important than a good-looking face."

"Yeah, well, when people start getting old, they all look the same," Atori muttered. "Saggy and wrinkled."

Tooru laughed, placing a light kiss on Atori's lips. "You're not enjoying this at all, are you?"

"Well, I'm not exactly thrilled, but I've already resigned myself to it."

"If you really want me to stop, I will."

"...As long as it's with you, Tooru, I'll be okay."

"You sure you should be telling me sweet things like that?" Tooru said with an evil grin. He stroked Atori's hair, then moved up to sit on Atori's chest and reached down to pinch his nose shut.

"Wh-what?" Atori said, unwittingly opening his mouth only to have Tooru's cock shoved into it.

"Here. Make sure you do it properly."

Letting go of his nose, Tooru leaned over Atori, which only served to push his cock deeper into Atori's mouth.

"Y-you're gonna choke me!" Atori tried to yell, but it came out more like a muffled groan.

Tooru laughed. "Feels damn good though," he murmured, rocking his hips forward. He curled his fingers into Atori's hair, looking down at him.

Atori was quickly coming to realise that Tooru was aggressive when on top. Atori did his best to satisfy him, all the while praying that Tooru would just come like this and bring it all to an end, but his prayers went unanswered. After abusing Atori's mouth to his satisfaction, Tooru finally got off his chest.

Coughing and gasping for breath, Atori wiped his mouth. "I don't really give a shit what you do anymore, just hurry up and finish before I change my mind!"

"Yeah, yeah," Tooru said mildly, lowering his head to take Atori's cock into his own mouth. His fingers slid under Atori's rear to find his entrance and slip in once more. One finger became two, and Atori bit back a moan as the distressing sensation mixed with the pleasure of Tooru's tongue running down the length of his cock. After a while, Tooru sat up and nudged Atori to get off the bed.

"What are you doing?"

"Kneel down on the floor, and lean your arms on the bed...like this," Tooru said, climbing off the bed to stand next to it and direct Atori.

"What, you're going to do it from behind? And on the floor, no less?"

Atori's face was desperate, but Tooru only shrugged. "You've done me that way before, but suddenly it's too embarrassing now that I'm doing it to you?"

"Damned right it is."

Tooru rolled his eyes. "You realise I've already seen every square inch of your body."

"It's still embarrassing."

"Come on, just do it already. This is going to be the easiest position on you."

Cursing under his breath, Atori let Tooru grab him by one foot and drag his legs off the bed until he was leaning over it, face against the sheets and ass exposed.

"Just put me out of my misery already," he groaned as Tooru's fingers began to probe inside him again.

"Moron," Tooru said with a smile. "But if you insist..."

Tooru moved in behind him, but with a sudden gasp, Atori pulled away.

"What now?"

"Condom," Atori said tightly.

Tooru leaned over Atori and reached across to briskly rummage around in the usual drawer. He took out a condom and easily slipped it on.

"You look like you've had a lot of practice with that," Atori said, not quite managing to keep the accusatory note from his voice.

"It's a man's responsibility, don't you think?" Tooru answered evenly as he positioned his body between Atori's legs. "Here goes."

Atori didn't reply. He felt something hard and blunt press against him from behind, and then in a rush of foreign sensations, he felt Tooru enter him. Atori made a low sound in his throat at the pain and discomfort, quite unlike anything he'd ever experienced before.

"Relax," Tooru urged him.

Easy for you to say, Atori thought. The fact was, he simply didn't know how. "Th-this isn't going to work." Atori could feel himself starting to panic. "It's never going to fit!"

"Yes, it will. I'm already halfway in," Tooru replied, pushing in even further as he spoke. "You're really hot inside, you know." Tooru's breath played over Atori's hair as he reached a hand around to Atori's cock. "You've gone limp again..." he murmured. When Atori didn't answer, Tooru nuzzled his ear. "You okay?" he asked softly. Atori gave a weak nod, and Tooru slowly drew his hips back.

Atori couldn't hold back a yelp. "Aah...!"

"Shh."

"That hurts...!"

"You want to stop?"

In truth, Atori wanted to beg him to stop. But he also wanted Tooru to get what he wanted, so he only bit his lip and shook his head. "I'll be fine...just do it already."

Tooru relaxed, giving him a smile. "It'll be over soon," he promised, then slowly started moving inside him again.

Atori felt pried open, stretched to the breaking point and faint from the pain of it. It made him sick to think that he put Tooru through this every time they had sex. But he'd made up his mind to go through with it at least this once, so he clutched the bed sheets and grimly stuck it out. Tooru thrust into him again and again, and when he murmured how good it felt, Atori wanted to cry. Gradually though, the pain began to recede; Atori suspected that he had grown numb to it. He let out a deep breath, which gave Tooru pause.

"How is it? Is it getting any better?"

"A little."

"Just a bit longer now. You want me to get you off too?"

"Don't worry about it, just hurry up and finish. I'm going to cry if this goes on much longer."

Tooru chuckled, turning Atori's face around so he could kiss him. Without releasing his lips, he rocked his hips into him again. His thrusts became fiercer and fiercer, until finally Tooru gave a low moan and stopped moving.

After a long moment, Tooru withdrew, and at long last, Atori was free to sink down on the floor and let out the breath he'd been holding. For a while, they just sat on the floor with their backs against the bed, neither of them speaking. Then, with a contented sigh, Tooru peeled off the condom.

"Are you okay?"

"Not really," Atori replied, pulling a pillow under him to counter the dull pain throbbing through him. "I'm just glad it's over."

"Hurts, doesn't it?" Tooru said with a laugh as he tied a knot in the used condom and tossed it in the bin. Atori stayed silent, staring at him.

"Do I always make you feel like that?"

"Well, I'm used to it, so...it doesn't really hurt anymore."

"I can't imagine how that could ever stop hurting, never mind actually starting to feel good."

"Anything's tough in the beginning," Tooru replied with a shrug. "I thought I was going to die during my first time, too."

Brushing back the wayward strands of hair falling into his face, Atori regarded Tooru's face from the side. "Tooru... does it really feel good for you? I mean, when I'm doing it."

"Course it does. You've seen me come from just getting fucked before," Tooru said with a short laugh, turning to meet Atori's gaze. "I've made you mine now, body and soul."

Atori took a deep breath. "Then make sure you take responsibility."

"Huh?"

"I'm telling you to take responsibility for taking my virginity."

Tooru burst out laughing. "How do you suggest I do that?"

"Well, I guess I could make you marry me."

"Stop talking like a girl."

"You know, the way you said that sounds like it's something you've been told yourself in the past."

Tooru raised an eyebrow at Atori's sarcastic tone. "Watch it, you."

"I was just kidding."

Watching Atori rubbing his eyes like a child, Tooru's features relaxed again. "You tired?"

"Yeah."

"Sure you don't want me to get you off before bed?"

"Um...dunno..." Atori said, then heaved a sigh. "Don't worry about it, I'm too tired tonight. I'm just going to take a shower and go to sleep."

"Okay," Tooru said, giving him a light kiss before letting Atori rise.

"Hey, Tooru?"

Tooru glanced up on hearing his name, pushing his long, dishevelled hair back from his face.

Atori hesitated before asking; "Um...are you satisfied now?"

Tooru studied him for a long moment before breaking into a grin. "I know you only did it to make me happy, but it felt amazing. You definitely have to let me again."

"Oh, come on!," Atori groaned, escaping to the bathroom. He closed the door against the sound of Tooru's laughter from the bedroom and turned on the shower. Doing his best to ignore the dull ache in his body, he stepped under the hot water and let it wash over him.

After a long, hot shower, Atori returned to the bedroom to find Tooru already fast asleep. Still naked, he was cocooned in the heavy quilt, with a contented little smile on his face that made him look like a little kid. With a soft laugh, Atori turned off the TV and quietly crawled under the covers next to him. It was strange how his scent and his warmth filled Atori with such a sense of peace and contentment. Switching off the bedside lamp, Atori snuggled up against him. Atori was still sore but willing to overlook this fact as long as Tooru had gotten what he wanted. With a little sigh, Atori hugged Tooru close to him. Burying his face in his lover's long hair, he finally let his eyes drift shut.

Scanlator's Note

These of us lucky enough to work on this project would like to extend our sincerest thanks to Miyamoto Kano for sending this unpublished story to us for translation. We are pleased that sensei thought of us and wanted to share this story, which she initially wrote for herself, with her English-speaking fans.

-March 2008